Koviloor Acadamy

A GARLAND
OF
ENGLISH VERSE

FOR THE LOWER CLASSES
OF
SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
S. K. DEVASIKHAMANI, B. A.
Head-master, Bishop Heber Schools,
Trichinopoly.

FOURTH EDITION.

462

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E. M. GOPALAKRISHNA KONE

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ராமகிருஷ்ண

விவேகானந்தர் சங்கம்

காரைக்குடி.

நன்கொடையாளர் ...திரு.ம.சி.பழனியப்பன்...

ஊர்.... ...காரைக்குடி...

புத்தக எண்.~~E~~ 507 பதிவு எண்....E 511...

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Kovilpoor Academy

வி. வெங்கடேசுவர பிரசுரம்
இந்து மதாபிமான சங்கம்
கோவைக்குடி.

FOREWORD.

Some of these poems were from time to time type-written and given to teachers to be used in the lower forms and classes of the Bishop Heber High School. They are now published together with a few others in a book form for the convenience of both the teachers and the pupils.

The poems are arranged and graded in three parts according to difficulty to suit the varying capacity of students from the fourth class to the third form and the poems selected are such as will appeal to Indian taste and to children's experience.

Under selections in Part III have been added a few critical notes helpful to the teacher in teaching his class.

It is hoped that these poems, if taught to our young boys with care and intelligence, will create in them, at least in a small measure, a love for what is beautiful and good and a desire to study and appreciate the rhythm and music of English Verse.

Trichinopoly,
26th May 26. } S. K. DEVASIKHAMANI.

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PART I

Nursery Rhymes.

1. JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

---

2. THE MOUSE

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse runs up the clock,
The clock strikes one.
The mouse runs down—
Hickory, dickory, dock.

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3. GOWRI'S SUPPER

Little Gowri Shunker
Sings for his supper.
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
How shall he marry
Without any wife?

---

4. PUSSY IN THE WELL

Ding, dong, bell;
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Chundra Deen.

Who pulled her out?
Little Chundra Dutt.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor Pussy-Cat!

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5. RANGAN'S KITE

Rangan has a little kite
Made of paper, red and white;
So that it may higher sail
Rangan's kite has got a tail.

Rangan loves to make it fly,
Like a bird about the sky;
How the other boys do stare,
When they see it in the air.

---

6. MY KITE

Oh, look at my kite,
Almost out of sight;
How pretty it flies
Right up to the skies!

Pretty kite, pretty kite,
Almost out of sight;
Pray, what do you spy
In the bright blue sky?

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7. PUSSY—CAT

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To visit the Queen.

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

---

8. BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, Sir; yes Sir; three bags full.
One for my master,
One for the dame,
None for the little boy who cries in the lane.

---

9. HAPPY AS KING

The world is so full
Of a number of things;
I'm sure we should all
Be as happy as kings.

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10. THE WEATHER

When the weather is wet
We must not fret.
When the weather is cold
We must not scold.

When the weather is warm
We must not storm.
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather.

---

11. KIND DEEDS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

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12. LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a bun for tea.
He gave a loud cry,
Saying, "Gracious me, why—
This does not contain Vitamin B."

---

13. LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little boy blue, come,
Blow up your horn.
The road's full of people,
To hurry they'd scorn.
Where's the Policeman
Who holds up his hand?
He's in the park palings
Enjoying the band.

---

14. DING DONG BELL

Ding dong bell,
Basil is n't well,
Why is he so pale?
He ate a rusty nail
I'm very much afraid,
That he must be X—rayed.

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15. TEN LITTLE FINGERS

We have ten little fingers
And ten little toes,
But only one mouth
And only one nose.

We have two little ears—
The reason I say
Is that we should hear
Twice as much as we say.

We have two little hands
To be folded at even,
A blessing to ask
From "Our Father in Heaven."

We have two little feet
The better each day
To choose the straight path,
And from that ne'er to stray.

---

16. MONTHS AND DAYS

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one,
But leap Year coming once in four,
February then has one day more.

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17. I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy,
Her coat's so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

I won't pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Together will play.

I'll stroke her soft back,
And give her some food;
And Pussy will love me,
Because I am good.

---

18. EARLY RISING

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise;

For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
And wealthy and wise.

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19. POLITENESS

Good little boys should never say
"I will," and "Give me these."
O, no! that never is the way,
But "Mother, if you please."

And "if you please," to Sister Ann
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

---

20. LITTLE BIRDIE

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
'Mother, let me fly away.'

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

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"Baby, sleep a little longer
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

---

21. ONE THING AT A TIME

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
To be useful and happy.
That is the way.

All that you do,
Do with your might,
Things done by halves,
Are never done right.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments should never
Be trifled away,
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

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22. DO YOUR BEST

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will,
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow bright to-morrow.

---

23. THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

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Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark ;
He could not tell which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

24. FAIRY BELLS

Ting-a-ling, ling-a-ting ;
How the bells are tinkling
Softly they are ringing
While the elves are singing ;
Ling-a-ting, ting-a-ling,
While the stars are twinkling.
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong,
Listen to the chiming ;
Down the dale and dingle
Harken to the jungle ;
Dink-a-dong, all along,
Sweetest lilt and rhyming.
Klang-a-tang, klang-a tang ;
Over grass and flowers ;
Fairy voices mingling
With the tinks and tingling
Sang and rang, rang and sang,
Through the midnight hours.

(lilt-a-song sung with rhythmical effect)

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25. TONGUE TWISTERS

N. B. Each of these should be said three times very quickly.

1. Giants grow gigantic green grapes.
2. Lovely Lily Lane likes little lambs.
3. Abel Atkins adds accurately.
4. Fair Fay flourishes four fine feathers.
5. Mabel Macey might mince more meat.
6. Don't destroy Dora's dear Dutch dolls.
7. Wash my sash in the Irish sea.
8. She sells sea-shells, six sea-shells for a shilling.
9. Fat Philip Farmer, fishing for fine finned [fish.
10. A fishy old fisher named Fisher,
    Fished fish from the edge of a fissure,
    But a cod with a grin,
    Pulled the fisher-man in,
    Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

---

26. GOOD-NIGHT

The sun is sinking in the west,
The birds are flying to their nest,
The roses nod, the lilies dream,
And slowly dies the day's last beam.

The moon is rising o'er the hill
As if to say to all, "Be still."
The stars watch o'er the quiet earth,
And hushed is all the children's mirth.

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PART II

Simple Poems

---

1. IT IS A PLEASANT DAY

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing ;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun ;
Children, too, may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all ;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

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2. SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me; [sleeps.
While my little one, while my pretty one,

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest.
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon [sleep.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,

---

3. A MAN OF WORDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;

And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;

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And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

---

4. A DOG AND A COCK

A dog and a cock a journey once took,
They travelled along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free in the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.
The cock, nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, "I declare
Your voice is above
All the creatures I ever did see;—
Oh, would you come down,
I would hug you, my own!"
Said the cock, "There is a porter beneath;
If you'll ask his advice,
I'll come down in a trice!"
So Fox did—and was worried to death.

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5. HUSH! MY DEAR.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him, all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
See His face and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

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6. A CHRITMAS CAROL.

Sleep, baby, sleep! the Mother Sings,
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came guided by a star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Rich orient pearls, pure diadems,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! the shepherds sing,
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring,
Sleep, baby, Sleep!

———

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7. LIVE AND LET LIVE.

I

Hurt no living thing,
Ladybird or butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily.
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

II

Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog
Who wags his tail a-begging in his need;
Despise not e'en the sorrows of a frog,
God's creature too—and that's enough to plead;
Spare puss, who trust us dozing on the hearth,
Spare bunny, once so frisky and so free;
Spare all the harmless creatures on the earth;
Spare and be spared-or who shall plead for thee?

[bunny=rabit]

III

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The good God made them all.
Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours;
He made their tiny wings.

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8. PERSEVERE.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head,
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be down-cast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.

---

9. TOO CLEVER

Fred came from school the first half-year
As learned as could be,
And wished to show to all around
How smart a boy was he.

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And so at dinner he began,—
"Papa, you think you see
TWO roasted chickens on that dish,
Now I will prove them THREE."

"First, this is one, and that is two,
As plain as plain can be;
I add the one unto the two,
And two and one make three."

"Just so," then answered his papa;
"If what you say is true,
I will take one, mamma takes one,
The third we leave for YOU!

---

10. TRY AGAIN.

"Tis a lesson you should need,
Try again!
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again!
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again!

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Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again!
If you would at last prevail,
Try again!
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again!
If you find your task is hard,
Try again!
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again!
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again!

---

11. THE CROW.

I feel a disgrace
(Said the Crow) to my race,
Always to be wearing this dirty old face:
I'll wash off the black
From my wings and my back
I'll scrub me, and rub me,
And cold-water-tub me:
And then we will see
What Birdie dare snub me.

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He tubbed him, and rubbed him,
And earnestly scrubbed him;
He fluttered and spluttered;
He stuttered and muttered;
You ne'er saw such splashing
As in he went dashing,
Sometimes with his head first,
Then tailwards instead first.
He soaped both his wings
And his legs (funny things!);
And then—well! I never—
Was coal black as ever!

"Twas foolish, one knows,
Of the Crow to suppose
Though washed day and night
He could ever be white
From tip of his beak to the end of his toes;
Black is black; and it's right;
Just as white should be white.
And whatever our lot,
Black, white, or what not,
So long as we're clean
What colour we're seen
I'm sure does not matter one little or jot—
Not one tiny little, or one little jot.

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12. I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I must not tease my mother, for she is very kind.
And everything she tells me, I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby, and could not speak or walk
She laid me on her bosom, and taught me how to talk.
I must not tease my mother, and when she wants to read,
Or when she has a headache, I'll silent be indeed;
In play I'll not be noisy, or trifling troubles tell,
But sitting down beside her, I'll try to make her well.
I must not tease my mother, she loves me all the day;
She tells of God and heaven, and teaches me to pray;
How much I'll strive to please her, she every hour shall see;
For, should I lose my mother, what would become of me?

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13. THE WORKS OF GOD

God made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light:
How thankful should we be!

God made the cow to give nice milk;
The horse for me to use;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink:
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit:
Oh, how should I love Him!

---

14. THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

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"I'll have that mouse," said that biggest cat;
"*You'll* have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I *will* have that mouse," said the eldest son;
"You *shan't* have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go,
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

---

15. THE WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

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You friendly Earth! how far you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles!

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

---

16. THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A WOOD

There was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough;

But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

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"And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay astray ;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough ;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow ;

But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi ! Tidy ! ho ! Tidy ! hi !
Tidy, do stand still !
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
"Twill be sore againt my will"

He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty ;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

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So he cried to the sun, the moon and stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
"If my wife doesn't do a day's work in her life,
She shall ne'er be ruled by me."

---

17. PRAYER

"O sweeter than the marriage—feast,
T'is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
with a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his Great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay;

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Koviloor Acadamy

18. THE WASP AND THE BEE

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin!" said the bee, "'tis all very true;
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with-and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me—
Because I am a harmless and diligent bee."

From this little story, let people beware;
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, though ever so fair.

---

19. THE WORLD'S MUSIC

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should laugh and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

Koviloor Acadamy

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music, like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide and seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway,
And tall old trees you could not climb,
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gaily all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its own song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands,
Where it is summer all the year.

Koviloor Acadamy

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb
You hear it pattering on the pane,
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

---

20. FATHER, WE THANK THEE

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the thing we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in all we say,
To grow more loving every day.

Koviloor Acadamy

21. A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for Thy care of me;
Oh, let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh, let me love Thee; kind Thou art
To children such as I;
Give me a gentle, holy heart,
Be Thou my friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

Koviloor Acadamy

PART III

HARDER POEMS.

1. O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

ISAAC WATTS (1674—1748)

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Koviloor Acadamy

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

1. Why should we trust in God?
2. Point out all the similes in the Poem.
3. Explain: *thine arm*; *the watch that ends the night*; *ever-rolling stream*.

---

2. THE MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

THOMAS HOOD (1779–1845)

Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;
But now those past delights I drop—
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

Koviloor Acadamy

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow.

No skies so blue or so serene
As then; no leaves looked half so green
As clothed the playground tree;
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the lessons learn'd by heart
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark these hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

Koviloor Acadamy

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

1. Explain: *blithe, shuttle cock, ease my heart, corduroy, kiss the rod.*
2. In what way was the boy a shuttle cock?
3. As a boy how did he make himself happy?
4. Parse: *wonder* (v. 1) *garb* (v. 5) that (v. 7).

---

3. THE CALL OF NATURE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770—1850)

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend, and clear your books
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Book! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

Koviloor Acadamy

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

Explain: *grow double, on my life, no mean preacher, light of things.*

2. Parse *mellow, evening, blithe.*

---

4. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lowered, . . .
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

Koviloor Acadamy

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft
And knew the sweet strain that the cornreapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn";
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with dawning of morn.
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

1. *Fagot*—fires kindled in the battlefield to keep off wolves from the bodies of the dead.
Strain—a note *drawn out*; *a song.*
Sentinel stars—stars which come out first in the evening look like sentinels (watchman) in the sky.
2. Parse: *methought, fain, away, o'er.*

---

5. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Koviloor Acadamy

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun;
That, more than Heaven pursue

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right, to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if bestowed or not:
And let Thy will be done!

1. Explain: *Jehovah*, *impious*, *discontent*, *aught*.
2. What do you mean by Universal Prayer?
3. Parse: *this*, *that*, *lot*.
4. Write out this prayer in your own words.

Koviloor Acadamy

6. THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON

ELIZACOOK (1818–1889)

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
Of daily sweat and pleasant toil;
And where would kings have found their dower
If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be,
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song,
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke:
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who did the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grime of forge-soot leaves no blot;
And labour gilds the meanest name.

Koviloor Acadamy

There's duty for all those, my son,
Who act their earthly part aright;
The spider's home-threads must be spun,
The bee sucks on 'twixt flowers and light.

The hungry bird his food must seek,
The ant must pile his winter fare:
The seed drops not into the beak;
The store is only gained by care.

I doubt if he who lolls his head
Where Idleness and Plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread,
As those who *earn* the meals they eat.

A man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.

God grant thee but a due reward,
A guerdon portion fair and just;
And then ne'er think thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work, hope, and trust!

1. *blush not*: do not be ashamed.
2. Give *three* reasons as to why a poor boy should not be ashamed of manual labour.
3. Explain: *dower, sap veins, guerdon.*
4. Parse: *worth, holiday, but, hard.*

Koviloor Acadamy

7. A DAY OF SUNSHINE

H.W.LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

O gift of God! O perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play!
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails, like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

1. Explain : *celestial symphonies, sapphire sea, golden galleon, steep sierra.*
2. Which is called a perfect day? Why?
3. Parse : *keys, unrolls, like, white, only.*

Koviloor Acadamy

8. THE TIGER

WILLIAM BLACK (1757-1627)

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the nights,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes ?
On what wings dared he aspire ?
What the hand dared seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dead grasp.
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

1. Explain : *fearful symmetry, sinewes of thy heart, deadly terrors, threw down their spears.*
2. Give the substance of the last verse.
3. Parse : *dared, knit, to see.*

Koviloor Acadamy

9. TRUE GREATNESS.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON 1854-1888

What is true greatness? Is't to climb
Above the rocks and shoals of time
To sculpture on some height sublime
A name;
To live immortal in its prime
And flush of fame?
What is true greatness? Is't to lead
Your armed hirelings on to bleed,
And move a terrible god, indeed,
An hour;
To sate your lust of gold, or greed
Of despot power?
What is true greatness? Question not,
But go to yon secluded spot
And enter yonder humble cot
And find
A husbandman who never fought
Or wronged his kind:
For whom the lips of war are dumb
Who loves far more than beat of drum
The cattle's low, the insect's hum
In air;
And find true greatness in its sum
And total there!

Koviloor Acadamy

What is true greatness? 'Tis to clear
From sorrow's eye the glistening tear:
To comfort there, to cherish here,
To bless;
To aid, encourage, and to cheer
Distress.

1. Explain: *rocks and shoals of time, armed hirelings, the lips of war, glistening tear.*
2. Write *three* sentences on 'True Greatness'
3. Parse: *an hour, despot, low, tear.*

---

10. THE BOY AND HIS TOP.

JOHN HOOKAM FRERE (1769-1846)

A little boy had bought a top,
The best in all the toyman's shop.
He made a whip with good eel's skin,
He lashed the top and made it spin;
All the children within call,
And the servants, one and all,
Stood round to see it and admire.
At last the top began to tire. [ter;
He cried out, "Pray, don't whip me, mas-
You whip too hard; I can't spin faster;
I can spin quiet as well without it."
The little boy replied, "I doubt it;
I only whip you for your good.
You were a foolish lump of wood:

Koviloor Acadamy

By dint of whipping you were raised
To see yourself admired and praised.
And if I left you, you'd remain
A foolish lump of wood again."

EXPLANATION

Whipping sounds a little old;
I don't mean whipping with a rod;
It means to teach a boy incessantly,
Whether by lessons or more pleasantly,
Every hour and every day,
By every means in every way,
By reading, writing, rhyming, talking,
By riding to see sights and walking;
If you leave off he drops at once
A lumpish, wooden-headed dunce.

1. Explain: *within call, too hard, dint.*
2. What is the purpose of the Lesson?
3. Write out the Fable in your own words.

---

11. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1828)

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Koviloor Acadamy

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole word in the face.
For he owes not any man

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing;
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Koviloor Acadamy

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

1. Explain: *sinewy hands, honest sweat, looks the whole world in the face, flaming forge of life.*
2. What do school children do? [words.
3. Write out the substance of the last verse in your own
4. What is the purpose of this poem?

---

12. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.
Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Koviloor Acadamy

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro.')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.
"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.
The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eagle breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay" the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

1. Explain—*the prone brow, to heart's desire, flag-bird.*
2. How is Napoleon compared to a mother-eagle?
3. This poem teaches us that we should be faithful unto death; the pride and joy of service under a beloved leader is here shown.

Koviloor Acadamy

13. Mrs. GRAMMAR'S BALL

MRS. GRAMMAR once gave a fine ball
To the nine different parts of our speech;
To the short and the tall,
To the stout and the small,
There were pies, plums, and puddings for each

And first little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known,—
Fat *A*, *An*, and *The*;
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

Then Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand;
Rough, *rougher*, and *roughest*,
Tough, *tougher*, and *toughest*,
Fat, *merry*, *good-natured*, and *grand*.

The Nouns were indeed on their way,
Tens of thousands, and more, I should think;
For each name that we utter,
Shop, *shoulder*, or *shutter*,
Is a Noun; *lady*, *lion*, or *link*,

The Pronouns were hastening fast
To push the Nouns out of their places;
I, *thou*, *he*, and *she*,
You, *it*, *they*, and *we*,
With their sprightly intelligent faces.

Koviloor Acadamy

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs,
A great crowd is coming in view !"
To *light*, and to *smite*,
To *fight*, and to *bite*,
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind as their footmen they run ;
As thus, "to fight *badly*,"
And "run *away gladly*,"
Show how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came *in*, *by*, and *near* ;
With Conjunctions, a wee little band,
As *either* you *or* he,
But *neither* I *nor* she ;
They held their great friends by the hand.

Then, too, with a *hip, hip, hurrah !*
Rushed in Interjections uproarious ;
Dear me! well-a-day!
When they saw the display,
'*Ha ! Ha !*" they all shouted out "glorious!"

But, alas ! what misfortunes were nigh !
While the fun and the feasting pleased each,
Pounced on them at once
A monster—a Dunce !
And confounded the Nine Parts of Speech !

Koviloor Acadamy

Help ! friends ! to the rescue ! on you
For aid Verb and Article call ;
Oh give your protection
To poor Interjection,
Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, and all !

1. *Ball*—A social assembly for dancing: here it is used figuratively.
2. Learn this poem by heart.

---

14. AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826)

Our task is done ! on Ganga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest :
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now,
With furled sail and painted side
Behold the tiny frigate ride :
Upon her deck, mid charcoal glems,
The moslem's savory supper steams ;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through ;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude ;
Now, (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen.

Koviloor Acadamy

Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on : no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake,
Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The pipal spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death !
Come on ! Yet pause ! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk ananas' prickly blade:
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betal waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod !
Yet who in Indian bow'rs has stood,
But thought on England's 'good green wood' ?
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,

Koviloor Acadamy

Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?
A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry :
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our day.

1. Explain: *savour'y supper, child of the sun.*
   Ava—the ancient capital of Burma ;
   Sylvan revelry—joyous noise made by the dogs when hunting in the woods.
2. Give the Tamil equivalents for *pipal, bamboo, ceiba, anana, betel, peacock.*
3. Why does Bishop Heber long to revisit England. ?

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15. THE REWARD OF THE BRAVE

WILLIAM COLLINS (1711-1759)

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their countty's wishes blessed !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;

Koviloor Acadamy

And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit, there !

1. Explain : *dewy fingers, hallowed moulds.*
2. What do you understand by "Fancy," 'Honour' 'Freedom' in capitals?

---

16. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
"Oh, I' m the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"

Koviloor Acadamy

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

Koviloor Acadamy

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! —oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

1. Explain: *silver pound*, *wight*, *water-wraith*, *scowl of heaven*.
2. Write out the story in your own words.
3. Rewrite verses 5 and 6 in indirect form.
4. Parse: *to row*, *fast*, *hard*, *preventing*.

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17. ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom.

Koviloor Acadamy

An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou, "Nay, not so."
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

1. Write out the story in your own words.
2. Explain:—*sweet accord, wakening light.*
3. What is the lesson you learn from this poem?

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18. THE LIGHT OF STARS

H. W. LONGFELLOW* (1807 1882)

The night is come, but not too soon:
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

Koviloor Acadamy

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars,
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain:
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

Koviloor Acadamy

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shall know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

1. Explain: *cold light, mailed hand.*
2. Why is Mars called star of the unconquered will?
3. What lesson do you learn from this poem?
4. Parse: *suspended, sublime.*

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19. BOADICEA

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

When the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
"Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Koviloor Acadamy

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as "they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

Koviloor Acadamy

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died:
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe,
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

1. Explain: *Roman rods, celestial fire.*
2. Give the story of Queen Boadicea and that of the Gauls.
3. Analyse verse 8 into clauses.

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20. THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN CODFREY SAXE (1816-1887)

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.
The First approached the Elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

Koviloor Acadamy

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, 'Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear'
The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus, boldly up and spake:
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant
Is very like a snake!'
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
What most this wondrous beast is like
is mighty plain', quoth he;
''Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,

Koviloor Acadamy

'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant
Is very like a rope!'

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

1. Give the story in your own words.
2. Parse—*happening, mighty, enough.*
3. Analyse verse I into clauses.

21. THE BUILDERS

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with meterials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Koviloor Acadamy

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where GOD may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time—
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

1. Explain—*Architects of fate, yawning gaps, broken stairways, elder days of art.*
2. Lesson: We are all builders; we must do our daily work carefully and for God as if God were looking at us.
3. Write an essay on Painstaking and Accuracy.

Koviloor Acadamy

22. BE KIND

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young
Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold-
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother: for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen:—
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother: wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister: not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;

Koviloor Acadamy

The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

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23. A MOTHRE'S LOVE

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854)

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild;
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.
And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish—save my child!"
She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
One kiss she gave, one tear she shed,
Then sank upon the snowy bed.

Koviloor Acadamy

At morn, a traveller, passing by,
Saw her beneath the fleecy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale:
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

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24. A NOBLE BOY

The woman was old, and feeble, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day:
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were weary and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go,"

Koviloor Acadamy

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she is old and poor and slow.
And I hope somefellow will lend a hand
To help my mother - you understand—
If e'er she be poor and old and gray
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

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25. LITTLE JIM

EDWARD FARMER (1826-1858)

The cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and mean ;
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild ;
A patient mother knelt beside
The death bed of her child :

Koviloor Acadamy

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim;
He was collier's only child—
They called him little Jim.

And oh, to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought:—
She was afraid to speak.

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife:

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the suff'rer's bed;
And prays that He will spare her boy
And take herself instead!

She gets her answer from the child;
Soft fell these words from him:—
"Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim!

"I have no pain, dear mother, now;
But oh, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again;
And, mother, don't you cry."

Koviloor Acadamy

With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three tiny little sips.

"Tell father, when he comes from work,
I said good-night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep"—
Alas! poor little Jim!

She saw that he was dying—
The child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was opened,
The collier's step was heard;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spoke a word!

He knew that all was over,
He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked towards the bed.

His quivering lips gave token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And see! his wife has joined him—
The stricken couple kneel!

Koviloor Acadamy

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again
Their own poor little Jim.

1. Give a summary of the story.
2. Parse: *bring, fain, quivering, beside.*

26. WILLIAM TELL

Rev. G. H. GURNEY.

Come, list to me, and you shall hear
A tale of what befell
A famous man of Switzerland—
His name was WILLIAM TELL.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day.
His little flock he led,
By prudent thrift and hardy toil
Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;
In Uri none was seen
To track the rock—frequenting herd
With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home,
A laughing, fair-haired boy ;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends ,
The lambs he called by name ;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

Koviloor Acadamy

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour,
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes,
Alas! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour
To rule in Austria's name;
A haughty man of savage mood—
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high:—
"Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran;
"Who disobeys shall die!"

It chanced that WILLIAM TELL that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come.

Koviloor Acadamy

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take
And be a hunter bold.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown;
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gessler marked the peasant's mien
And watched to see him fall;
But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than TELL before them all!

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
"To God, and God alone;
My life is in the Austrian's hand,
My conscience is my own,"

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath;
He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
He dies the traitor's death:—

Koviloor Acadamy

"Yet wait, The Swiss are marksmen true—
So all the world doth say:
That fair-haired stripling hither bring—
We'll try their skill today."

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
To this the youth was bound;
They placed an apple on his head—
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
Cried TELL, in accents wild;
"On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child!"

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"
Said Gessler tauntingly;
"If blood of his shall stain the ground,
YOURS will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake."

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd;
The men they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Koviloor Acadamy

Full fifty paces from his child,
His strong bow in his hand
With lips compressed, and flashing eye,
TELL firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded Earth has been ;
But never, since the curse began,
A sadder sight was seen.

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
Impatient of delay,
Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure;
Thou canst not miss to-day."

"Heaven bless thee now !" the parent said,
"Thy courage shames my fear
"Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever near."

The bow was bent, the arrow went
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided !

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep ;
"'T was bravely done by sire and son—
Go home, and feed your sheep."

Koviloor Acadamy

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said;
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.
"Yet know proud man, thy fate was near;
Had I but missed my aim,
Not unavenged my child had died—
Thy parting hour the same!
"For see! a SECOND shaft was here,
If harm my boy befell;—
Now go and bless the heavenly powers
My FIRST has sped so well."
God helped the right, God spared the sin:
He brings the proud to shame;
He guards the weak against the strong—
Praise to His holy name!

Notes: *Altorf*—the chief town in Uri; Gessler—the Austrian ruler of Switzerland; Reuss (Roiss)—a river in Switzerland; Uri—A Canton in that country.

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27. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN (1801-1890)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Load Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me

Koviloor Acadamy

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me; sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile;
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

1. *Light* means the light of the knowledge of God, Man requires that light to guide him through the difficulties of this life.
2. Explain—*Encircling gloom, garish day.*
3. Parse—*enough, spite, since.*
4. Moral—we should not have self-will and pride.

28. RING OUT WILD BELLS

LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;

Koviloor Acadamy

The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

1. In many English Churches, the Churchbells are rung from a few minutes before 12 till a few minutes after 12 on the last night of the year. This is called the ringing out the old year and ringing in the new year

2. *Ring in, ring out*—usher (occasion, etc.,) in, out, with bell ringing.

Koviloor Acadamy

29. GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King ;
Long live our noble King ;
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the King !

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour ;
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save our King !

Kinsfolk in love and birth ;
From utmost ends of earth
God save us all ;
Bid strife and hatred cease
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace,
God save us all.

Koviloor Acadamy

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS

1. Addison, Joseph 1672-1719, was a poet and great essayist. Edited the famous political journal, *The Spectator*. Wrote a large number of hymns one of which is included in this book. His style in essays is admired and recommended for study.

2. Blake, William, 1757-1827. Son of a London hosier. Was a mystic, poet, painter, and engraver. Wrote poems which he printed and illustrated himself. His greatest works are *The songs of innocence and songs of experience*. His illustrations to the Book of Job are the most notable.

3. Browning, Robert, 1812 1889. Wrote poems when he was young. Married Elizabeth Barret, a poetess of great fame and lived in Florence in Italy till the death of his wife in 1861. Is best known among the young by his shorter poems such as *The pied piper of Hamelin, How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, Herve Riel and Incident of the French Camp.*

4. Cameron, George Frederic, 1854 - 1885. Canadian Poet. Wrote lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death. Died before he had reached the full measure of his powers.

5. Campbell, Thomas, 1777-1844. Born in Glascow and educated in Glascow and Edinburgh. His first poem '*Pleasures of Hope*' was a great success. Is best remembered by his war poems, *Battle of the Baltic, Hohenlidnen and Ye Mariners of England*. Some of his shorter poems-*Lord Ullin's daughter* and *Lochiel's Warning* are popular among boys.

Koviloor Acadamy

6. **Collins, William,** 1721-1759. Was born at Chichester, was educated at Winchester school and Magdalen College, Oxford. Published his *Odes* in 1747. Has secured a high place among poets on account of sweetness of tone and musical quality of his poems.

7. **Cook, Eliza,** 1818-1889. Daughter of a London tradesman; conducted a journal from 1849 to 1854. Several of her lyrics gained much popularity, viz. *The old arm chair, Home in the Heart* and the *Flag of the Free.*

8. **Cowper, William,** 1731-1800. Son of a clergyman, was educated at a private school and at Westminster. Was articled to a solicitor but soon gave up the law; suffered from fits of melancholia; was kept in a private asylum for two years; then went to live with the Unwins. Wrote *Olney Hymns*, the *Task and Table Talk* besides a number of shorter poems of which *Boadicea, John Gilpin* and *My mother's Picture* are among the best known. His poems are marked by grace, simplicity, and quiet humour.

9. **Frere, John Hookham,** 1769-1846. Born in London, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Was a literary man of some eminence, published *'Monks and the Giants'* and other satirical poems. His translations in verse of some Greek Comedies are remarkable for their excellence.

10. **Heber, Reginald,** 1783-1826. Second Bishop of Calcutta, a renowned traveller and great hymn writer. His Indian Journal is famous. Took great interest in Missions—is remembered by his hymns *"Holy, Holy, Holy", From Greenlands' icy mountains,* and *Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.* Died in Trichinopoly on 3rd April 1826.

Koviloor Acadamy

11. **Hood Thomas**, 1799-1845. Poet and humorist was born and educated in London. His "*Whims and oddities*" published in 1826 first brought him into fame. Is remembered by his single striking poems as *The song of the Shirt*, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, etc.,

12. **Hunt, Leigh**, 1784-1859. Essayist and poet, was educated at Christ's Hospital ; edited *The Examiner* ; a paper of radical views ; was imprisoned for two years for libelling the Prince Regent, published his book of poems—*Foliage* in 1818.

13. **Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth**, 1807-1882. An American poet of much sweetness, son of a lawyer. Became professor of Modern Languages at Harward—Travelled much. His literary activity was great and some of his longer poems are *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* but he is best known for some of his shorter poems such as *The Psalm of life*, *Excelsior*, *Ladder of St. Augustine* and *The slave's dream*.

14. **Newman, Gardinal**, 1801-1890. Was educated at a private school and at Oxford. In 1824, he took anglican orders; came under the influence of Keble and threw himself heart and soul into the great religious revival, called Tractarian movement. In 1845, he joined the Church of Rome. He wrote essays of much intrinsic merit—*The idea of a University*. He is the author of several well known hymns one of which is "*Lead, kindly light.*"

15. **Saxe, John Godfrey**, 1816—1887. American poet ; was born at Highgate; graduated at Middleburg College; was editor first of "*Sentinel*", then of '*Evening journal*'; is best known as a writer of humorous verse

and a lecturer. Some of his popular poems are *Rhyme of the Rail*, and *Treasure in Heaven*.

16. **Tennyson, Alfred, Lord,** 1809—1892. Born at Somersby in Lincolnshire and educated at Cambridge. In 1850, he became poet Laureate, on the death of Wordsworth. He wrote much musical verse and was the most popular of the Victorian poets. He published lyrical poems and dramas. He wrote some poems for children—*What does little Birdie say, Sweet and Low.* Apart from his longer poems such as *Idylls of the King, The princess* and *In Memoriam* he is remembered by his shorter poems also—*Sir Galahad, The charge of the Light Brigade.*

17. **Watts, Isaac,** 1684-1748. An English Divine; was distinguished for learning and piety, was educated for the ministry ; is well known as an author of lyric poems hymns and sermons.

18. **Wordsworth, William,** 1770-1850. Poet of Nature and great sonnet-writer; was born at Cockermouth and educated at St. John's College Cambridge. Travelled abroad and was much influenced by the French Revolution. Became friend with Coleridge and Southey and settled down at Grasmere in the Lake District. Was made poet Laureate in 1843 on the death of Southey. His poetry is marked by its simplicity and fervent love of nature.

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E. 2.